

THE RUSSIAN POLICE.

How It is Organized and Administered at the Present Time.

The police in Russia, as in all absolute monarchies, has had to combine the duty of preventing crime and watching over the people with that of supervising officials and protecting the government. Alexander L., in imitation of Napoleon, made it a department of the State. Nicholas, refining thereon, divided it into two sections—the ordinary police, under the Minister of the Interior, and the secret police, under the Emperor in person. The latter was a privileged body, above all law, responsible only to the czar, and with almost unlimited authority. Its head was member of the Committee of Ministers, and by his intimate relations with the sovereign and freedom from other control became the most powerful personage in the empire. This institution was preserved by Alexander II. with its attributions intact. Although by law subjects of the czar could no longer be arrested and condemned without legal process, the Third Section could seize, incarcerate or deport at will, and even secretly. By Jesuitical distinction it did not pretend to punish or to interfere with the course of justice against crime; it merely suppressed indefinitely individuals who were deemed a danger to public order. Its existence after the inauguration of the reign of law presents an anomaly similar to that of *lettres de cachet* in France, of which the King could avail at pleasure, despite tribunals and statutes.

During the early years of Alexander II.'s reign, when Russia seemed progressing toward a new and glorious future, it was seldom resorted to. An attempt upon his life in 1866 resulted in its favor and activity. Notwithstanding its irresponsible character and its almost unlimited powers, it was worsted in the duel with nihilism from 1870 to 1878. Of its last chiefs, General Mezentsov was assassinated, and General Drenteln, severely wounded, resigned. Its inefficiency caused a change in its organization; a double police led at times to absurd results, and the public agents of one department often wasted their efforts in pursuing the emissaries of the other, acting in secret. After the explosion of the Winter Palace, in 1880, the Third Section was abolished, but in name only; it was removed from the imperial chancellery and united to the ordinary police, in order, by giving the whole service a single head, to increase its efficiency. Both departments were placed under General Loris Melikov, upon whom, as Minister of the Interior, almost dictatorial powers were conferred for the preservation of public order. While this change made no alteration in the attributions of the secret police, it was a slight gain in principle. The Third Section was no longer under the personal direction of the czar, but became one of the departments of government, and as such was subject to administrative control.

The unreasoning violence and monstrous atrocities of the radical party not only led to the revival of this tremendous engine of despotism with increased powers, they have also turned the wheel of progress backward, depriving the nation of liberties accorded, and destroyed the hope of further concessions for years to come.—*Albert E. Heard, in Harper's Magazine.*

THE BLUE SHARK.

How the Monster Is Caught and Rendered Harmless.

Toward midsummer the fishermen on the Cornish coasts often find their nets and lines attacked by the blue shark. It follows the pilchards and herrings and frequently bites out the part of the net in which the fish are entangled. When the bait on a line has been swallowed and the fish has failed to bite the line through, it often rolls the rope round its body until it reaches the surface, coming up in this way from a depth of thirty to forty fathoms. Its appetite shows a varied taste. The stomach of one fish six feet long was found to contain a large pike dogfish, a conger eel and a gray gurnard. Another was hungry enough to take the bait, though its stomach contained four mackerel, half a gadfish and a quantity of herrings, while the fishermen, finding uninjured afterward, sold for eighteen pence. On one occasion a blue shark leaped a considerable distance out of the water to seize a piece of beef hanging on the quarter of a ship, and it is well known to attack man; but as it rarely enters harbors or approaches close to the land, its human victims are few. Fishermen assert that its sense of smell is offended by the nauseous odors, so that it may be driven away by pouring bilgewater into the sea where it shows itself. The muscular vitality of these fishes is as remarkable as that of reptiles and amphibians, for in one recorded instance after a shark had been caught and the body severed from the head and thrown overboard, it continued swimming about for hours. The power of the shark's tail often makes the fish an inconvenient neighbor when drawn on deck, but when the tail is chopped off this danger is removed. It is, however, usual to disable the animal by a blow on the snout. It is occasionally accompanied by its young, which in June are about eighteen inches or two feet long. It remains in these seas, sometimes straying as far north as the Orkneys throughout the summer, and disappears in the autumn. Many hundreds are captured in a season by British fishermen, and the body is used only for manure, and oil is made from the liver. The largest examples are said to reach a length of fourteen feet, but the usual size is six or eight feet. It is distributed throughout temperate and tropical seas, and has been recorded from Pondicherry, St. Helena and the Mediterranean, but neither the limit nor direction of its migrations is at present known. The animal derives its name from the color of its fins and the upper parts of the body, though the belly remains white.

—*Cassell's Natural History.*

—Here lies a lady who died in death. With all paid up that's due him, He lies at ease in peaceful rest, For lying's natural to him.

—*Washington Oracle.*

IN A MAIL BAG.

A Curious Mixture of Joy and Sadness, Humor and Pathos.

"See here, will you please be so kind as to move away? Don't hug up so close to me, you—black-bordered envelope."

"Excuse me. I feel so badly that I hardly know what I am doing. I know you do not like my company; nobody does. I don't blame them. I am sorry. You look happy, you dainty pink envelope, sealed with blue wax. Blue wax is the symbol of love, is it not?"

"Yes, true love. Love true and pure as the skies, and as enduring. I am a love letter."

And the pink envelope fairly glowed with the bliss of its sealed kisses. It bore the smell of forget-me-nots, and its pretty direction was as fine and perfect as copperplate. Truly it had a right to glow and throb—for it was a letter that kindled its warmth and sent a thrill through its every fiber.

"Alas! I carry a sad message to a far-off home—"

"What is it? Tell me. Love, you know, is very curious, and—and—my pretty lady never sent such a letter as I am before in all her life. Tell me your secret and I will tell you mine."

"Stop that nonsense, you two there in the corner of the bag, can't you?"

"Who are you?" asked the love-letter quickly. "I was such a happy, giddy thing that it could afford to brave and face even a business-like envelope with the picture of a mighty structure in one corner."

"Well, I'm a full-grown business letter, and I'm on my way to tell a man that our firm can't give him any more credit. I'm tired of hearing you two in the corner gabbling, and I wish you would quit it at once."

"Love and death, my staid friend, are so closely allied that even the commonest of us ought to consider and have patience."

"Well, well, who spoke in that dear tone?"

"I come from a great port. He is a leader of mankind. He helped to free the slaves; and he has done much good in this great world. He is now an old, white-haired man; and he sits in the golden sunset of life, respected, beloved and esteemed by the whole world. He has written his name upon the page of time, and all the ages to come will never erase that name. He is known as Whittier."

And for a brief period the mail bag was silent. It was great company they—those wonderful, mysterious, different, queer and curious missives were in. The dainty pink love letter nestled against the black-bordered one. The one carrying a sad, sad message to some one far away. The stern, business-like letter, with never a word or line of rhythm in its lay side by side with a commonplace envelope bearing a poem fresh from the hands and brain and heart and soul of one of the purest singers God ever gave the divine gift of poetry to. And then another voice broke the stillness, and the rest shuddered as they heard its rough, brutal tones.

"And if ye air keeful, pard, ye kin kill the ole cuss w' one blow o' yer club. He ha'n't no longer strong; joss a little tap—presto; he's dead an' the swag is yours."

"Who dare speak of such a theme as murder? Do you know that I came from the hand of one of the highest judges in the land? Reveal yourself, villain, and let the strong hand of the law throttle your murderous design before it goes further," came from a long, legal missive with a red seal. But the criminal letter said not a word; it only slipped down out of sight and was covered finally by a letter from a farmer. In this latter letter, and the check for one hundred dollars; and the letter was worded as follows: "Send me one thousand in 'green goods' soon as possible. I think I can use them without much trouble."

"Then all was quiet again for a period. 'O, dear boy, I hear bad news from you. Don't do it any more. It has killed your mother and is killing me, your poor old father. Don't drink! don't drink! don't drink!'"

"Aye! aye! so say we all," cried out four or five from a little pile.

"And when we cracked the last bottle, Jack, a sigh went around our little circle. We had piled in the stuff pretty freely and were feeling good. The last bottle! That almost broke our hearts. Our motto is—'a merry life and a short one!'"

"Gracious, I smell something like a drunken man's breath. I don't want nothing more to do with you," broke in a long, lean, spindly envelope as it slipped down among a lot of jolly letters from some school girls. The spindly letter lay there, drinking in with keen delight the merry prattle of the girls' letters. It felt young again and all the cries of joy, the sobs of sorrow, the chuckles of exultation and the thousand and one expressive terms and adjectives—all went out in air; and the mail bag never told the story of its romance.

—*H. S. Keller, in Detroit Free Press.*

System in Housekeeping.

More depends upon system in housekeeping than many people know. In order to have a well-kept house the mistress must be orderly and methodical. These qualities do not come naturally to all, but watchfulness and constant effort will make them possible even where they are foreign to one's nature. I know a woman who, being well aware of her deficiencies in this respect, wrote out a list of daily work for herself, with the order in which certain daily tasks should be performed. Of course there was the liability to interruptions, but she was satisfied that her plan saved time, labor and worry.—*Good Cheer.*

TIME IS MONEY.

An Elementary Lesson on the Value of a Business-Man's Minutes.

This article is not given the above title simply to catch the attention of and insure a reading by the opposite sex, although the same instinct that prompted our first parents to eat of the fruit that had not tempted them until it was forbidden, will perhaps induce some men to read it. In that case I am sure of a hearty chorus of "amens."

Women, even business-women, have a habit of going into the office of a business-man upon some undoubtedly worthy errand which they might dispose of in five minutes and departing leave behind them pleasant memories and complimentary opinions. Too often, alas! they accept the proffered chair and proceed to unfold a tale longer than a whole play of Shakespeare, which properly might be classified as another "Comedy of Errors." They stay until the genial smile of welcome on the face of the business-man fades to a weary and hopeless expression, and then to a gradually combative and belligerent one, which his wife would recognize, but which these casual callers are too much interested with their own story to notice. Perhaps he turns to his desk, or picks up a newspaper, or eagerly nods to a fresh arrival in the office as if he would speak. But still they stay on, oblivious of the fact that they have outstayed their welcome, and have developed, in the mind of their victim, from pleasant, intelligent ladies into "first-class bores." They have evidently "come to stay."

Within a week I have seen three instances of this: One woman who was seeking a place on the press and expressed herself as willing to do any kind of work and be expeditious and business-like withal, staid in an editorial office two hours and thirty-five minutes, talking of her own private affairs, while the patient and long-suffering editor worked far into the night to pay for his forbearance. Another woman went to a man who had an important matter of business which must be attended to within the two hours at noon when he was free from other cares and responsibilities to transact a matter which should have kept him ten minutes at the most. But she staid and talked and talked and talked, and the gentleman rose as a sign for her to go, but still she babbled on, like Tennyson's brook, until it was too late, and his time and opportunity were lost. Again, two business people met to settle certain accounts which would require less than half an hour. A woman entered on an errand and, sitting down, made a visit of an hour and a half, interrupting important business and throwing behindhand the affairs of other people fully two hours.

Now, women ought to understand that whenever they do this sort of thing they rob their victims of what is often valuable time; and with most business people time is money.

Men seldom do these things, or if they are inclined to, their business brethren have a hundred ways of getting rid of them; but a business-man is a good deal at the mercy of his women callers—if he is a gentleman. Women should remember this, and, even in the case of friends, learn to see upon entering an office whether its occupants are busy or not. If she sees her own interest she will limit her stay to fifteen minutes at the utmost, unless hard pressed.

Just how far it is the duty of a man—or a woman either—to let an outsider take his valuable time from business affairs, is, in my mind, a question. I think none of us ought to sacrifice a whole morning or an entire afternoon to the polite duty of being bored to death by people whose woes we can not help, whose affairs do not interest us, and between us and whom there is not a strong bond of friendship or common interest. And I believe the editor, publisher or other business man whom I have been persistently "talking blind" for any considerable period would be justified in politely, and with his most fascinating manner, calling my attention to the door.

But until this fashion is adopted by urbane and courteous business-men generally, women must learn to see for themselves when there is the slightest danger of being dropped. And by giving evidence in this way that she has some idea of the value of time and of the relative importance of other people's affairs she will have raised the standard of business-men's estimate of women and demonstrated her own right to the term—"a good business-woman."—*Helen M. Winslow, in Boston Globe.*

DEHORNING CATTLE.

The Arguments Advanced in Its Favor by Stock Raisers.

The practice of dehorning cattle is rapidly increasing not only in the West, but in some sections of the Eastern and Middle States. The chief objection urged against dehorning has been the cruelty of the operation; a lesser one is that it detracts from the appearance of the animal. The second objection remains, but the great majority of those who have practiced dehorning contend that it is no more painful, if as painful, as other operations generally practiced. However this may be, it is fairly safe to conclude that dehorning, carefully performed, is not a dangerous operation. The arguments advanced in favor of dehorning cattle are: First, the prevention of terrible accidents in handling vicious cattle, especially bulls; second, that the dehorned cattle can be turned loose in sheds and stalls without fear of their injuring each other, over if they are more or less crowded. The subject has received considerable attention this season at the farmers' institutes and clubs, and reports of these meetings may be relied upon the farmers and breeders who have experimented in dehorning their cattle almost with one accord favor the practice. From these and other sources it appears that the preferred age at which to dehorn is in the second year of the animal's life and spring is the season favored. The operation, it is asserted, is more successful in moderate weather, than in either extremes of heat or cold. Preparatory to the operation the animal's head is made fast; then the horns are sawed off with a suitable saw close to the skin, where a notch place occurs in the horns.—*Indianapolis Sentinel.*

GENIUS AT WORK.

Excentricities of Some of the Famous Men of the World.

Voltaire had in his room sometimes five desks, at which he pursued different tasks.

The great romancer, Balzac, after a frugal dinner at six or seven o'clock, was called at midnight, when he took a cup of black coffee, or green, rather, and extremely strong, and worked till noon.

Turgot never worked but when he had dined heartily.

Pitt never ate but at his own table, which was frugal, only when he had some important affair to discuss he took a little port wine with a spoonful of Pernian bark.

Addison speaks of an advocate who would never plead a case without having his hand to the end of a thread drawn tightly round one of his thumbs all the time his speech lasted. The wags said it was the thread of his discourse.

Dr. Shapman relates that a celebrated advocate of London, always applied a blister to his arm whenever he had an important case to plead.

Grodnet never loved to work during the day. At night, when inspiration came to him, he arose, lighted candles, and, half muffled up, painted.

Michael Angelo did nearly the same, but with a single candle.

The historian Mezeray would work with a candle, even at midnight and midnight. He never failed to wait on his visitors, even to the street, with a candle in his hand.

Gretry, to animate himself when composing, breakfasted and took coffee and then applied himself day and night to his pen.

Rossini worked in a cold room, with his head warmly enveloped.

Guido Reno painted with much pomp. He dressed himself magnificently, and had his pupils attend him in silence ranged around him.

Sarti, the musician, composed only in darkness.

Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci, Titian, Rubens, passed from the chisel to the pen or the brush. The change rested them from the preceding work; and thus, during long life, they accomplished marvelous works.

Some persons can think only standing, or in walking the room with swift strides. Some, like Montesquieu, compose in a post-chaise. One has need of complete isolation, profound calm; another of the open air and the noise of the crowd.

Buffon wrote in lace ruffles; Alexander Dumas in his shirt sleeves.

Milton composed his "Paradise Lost" in a large arm-chair, and his head thrown back.

When Fox had eaten heartily he would retire to his study, envelope his head in a napkin soaked in vinegar and water, and work sometimes ten hours in succession.

Jeremy Bentham jotted his ideas on little squares of paper, which he piled upon each other, and this little pile of papers stitched together were the first form of his manuscripts.

Napoleon had his particular mode of meditation and work. When he was in a fit of rest he staid in his study, talked to himself, and sung, or like a child, out the arms of his chair; then suddenly rousing up, would give the plan of a monument to be erected, or of one of the great military movements which astonished the world.—*Chicago Times.*

—A teacher of Mississippi colored folks has been taking notes of queer expressions that she has heard from her pupils and in meeting. Here are a few: "If I am consecrated lay," "She is a crippler," "Oh, Lord, give us good thinking faculties," "The meeting will be in the basin of the church," "Oh, Lord, throw overboard all the load we've totin' and the sins which upset us," "I want all you people to adhere to the bell," "There will be no respectable people in Heaven. God is no respecter of persons," "I take care of three head of children," "We have passed through many dark scenes and unseen,"—*American Missionary.*

—A Missouri man who had conscientious scruples about taking the oath as a juror, stole two overcoats and \$24 in money from his fellow jurors before the panel was discharged.

—She—Darling, do you love me? He—(kissing her rapturously and repeatedly)—Do I? I wish you were a two-headed girl. That's all I can say!—*Two-Head.*

THE MARKETS.

CINCINNATI, May 21.	
LIVE STOCK—Cattle—Common	40 35
Choice Butchers	44 00
HOGS—Common	34 00
Good Packers	35 00
SHEEP—Good to choice	27 00
Wool—Good to choice	70 00
FLOUR—Family	40 00
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	95 00
No. 3 red	90 00
Cor'n—No. 2 mixed	60 00
Do—No. 3 mixed	55 00
Do—No. 4 mixed	50 00
Do—No. 5 mixed	45 00
Do—No. 6 mixed	40 00
Do—No. 7 mixed	35 00
Do—No. 8 mixed	30 00
Do—No. 9 mixed	25 00
Do—No. 10 mixed	20 00
Do—No. 11 mixed	15 00
Do—No. 12 mixed	10 00
Do—No. 13 mixed	5 00
Do—No. 14 mixed	0 00
Do—No. 15 mixed	0 00
Do—No. 16 mixed	0 00
Do—No. 17 mixed	0 00
Do—No. 18 mixed	0 00
Do—No. 19 mixed	0 00
Do—No. 20 mixed	0 00
Do—No. 21 mixed	0 00
Do—No. 22 mixed	0 00
Do—No. 23 mixed	0 00
Do—No. 24 mixed	0 00
Do—No. 25 mixed	0 00
Do—No. 26 mixed	0 00
Do—No. 27 mixed	0 00
Do—No. 28 mixed	0 00
Do—No. 29 mixed	0 00
Do—No. 30 mixed	0 00

NEW YORK.

FLOUR—State and Western	4 70
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 Chicago	95 00
No. 3 red	90 00
Do—No. 4 red	85 00
Do—No. 5 red	80 00
Do—No. 6 red	75 00
Do—No. 7 red	70 00
Do—No. 8 red	65 00
Do—No. 9 red	60 00
Do—No. 10 red	55 00
Do—No. 11 red	50 00
Do—No. 12 red	45 00
Do—No. 13 red	40 00
Do—No. 14 red	35 00
Do—No. 15 red	30 00
Do—No. 16 red	25 00
Do—No. 17 red	20 00
Do—No. 18 red	15 00
Do—No. 19 red	10 00
Do—No. 20 red	5 00
Do—No. 21 red	0 00
Do—No. 22 red	0 00
Do—No. 23 red	0 00
Do—No. 24 red	0 00
Do—No. 25 red	0 00
Do—No. 26 red	0 00
Do—No. 27 red	0 00
Do—No. 28 red	0 00
Do—No. 29 red	0 00
Do—No. 30 red	0 00

CHICAGO.

FLOUR—Wheat—No. 2 red	4 70
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	95 00
No. 3 red	90 00
Do—No. 4 red	85 00
Do—No. 5 red	80 00
Do—No. 6 red	75 00
Do—No. 7 red	70 00
Do—No. 8 red	65 00
Do—No. 9 red	60 00
Do—No. 10 red	55 00
Do—No. 11 red	50 00
Do—No. 12 red	45 00
Do—No. 13 red	40 00
Do—No. 14 red	35 00
Do—No. 15 red	30 00
Do—No. 16 red	25 00
Do—No. 17 red	20 00
Do—No. 18 red	15 00
Do—No. 19 red	10 00
Do—No. 20 red	5 00
Do—No. 21 red	0 00
Do—No. 22 red	0 00
Do—No. 23 red	0 00
Do—No. 24 red	0 00
Do—No. 25 red	0 00
Do—No. 26 red	0 00
Do—No. 27 red	0 00
Do—No. 28 red	0 00
Do—No. 29 red	0 00
Do—No. 30 red	0 00

Greenback Statuary.

There is one industry in Washington that has no match anywhere else, and that is but one man engaged in it. He is a crippled veteran, and he makes statuary out of the macerated pulp of worn-out greenbacks. When our paper currency becomes useless from wear and tear it is macerated, and this man, one day, out of idle curiosity, modeled a piece of this plastic stuff into the image of a dog.

It was not long before he had a little shop of his own, and there he made his first bust, one of Lincoln, taking a photograph as a copy. Since then he has made busts of Washington, Grant, Lee, Logan, Arthur and many others. First he makes a clay model, and around this he places soft plaster-of-paris. When the plaster dries, he digs out the clay, and into the plaster mold he pounds the greenback pulp. As may be supposed, this statuary finds a ready sale. In addition to the statues being good likenesses, it is quite a novelty to possess a piece of statuary composed of material that once represented a hundred thousand dollars, more or less.—*Golden Days.*

Special Land Excursions.

On May 28th and 29th, and June 5th and 6th, 1888, the "Burlington Route," R. R. & Q. R. R., will run Special Land Excursions from Chicago, Peoria, St. Louis and all stations in its line to points in Nebraska, Kansas, Minnesota and Dakota, and to points in Colorado east of and including Akron and Sterling on the B. & M. R. R. and Sterling on the D. & G. R. R. The rates are very low, and the scenery is of great interest. This will afford homeseekers, land buyers and others an excellent opportunity to see the Government Lands and fertile country of central, northwestern and southwestern Nebraska, northeastern Kansas, and northeastern Colorado, reached by the new extensions of the Burlington & Missouri River R. R. in Nebraska. Also, to visit the rich agricultural districts of Dakota, and the great ranches reached by the Burlington Route. A great reduction in rates will also be made to Texas, New Mexico, Tennessee, Mississippi, Alabama, Louisiana and Arkansas points on May 28th and 29th, and June 5th and 6th, 1888. Tickets good for 30 days to Nebraska, Kansas, Colorado, Minnesota and Dakota points, and to all other States mentioned, 60 days. Liberal stop-over privileges will be accorded. Excursion tickets will be issued on the Burlington Route, and will be valid for 30 days. For tickets, general or further information regarding the above, apply to any ticket agent of its own or connecting lines or address, P. M. Moore, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, C. B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Illinois.

A political candidate will often win a man over to his side by a simple drink. This is what is known as a "winning smile."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

A Jolting on the Rail.

Gravely distressed the stomach of invalid travelers. The motion of the ship and vibration of the rail, and the jolting of the car, are the cause of many a good health. All travelers should have, as a companion, Dr. J. C. Ayer's Stomach and Bowel Regulator, which will cure the most distressing cases of indigestion, flatulence, and all other ailments of the stomach and bowels, and regulate the stomach and bowels, and change the temperature, and is a sovereign remedy for malaria, rheumatism and kidney ailments.

Water from the river Styx should be good material for mullage and manufacturers.—*Park.*

We are informed that a new and powerful written story, delineating college life in America, and the religious experience of a former infidel and other students, in which the great truths of Christianity are dealt with in the most convincing manner, has just been written expressly for the *Christian Herald*, by Rev. L. S. Keyser, author of the famous and popular story, "The Way Out." The first chapter appears May 24, under the title of "The Epochs of a Life," and will be continued from week to week in the *Christian Herald*. The story is now the most popular and extensively-read illustrated religious paper published. For sale or can be ordered at all news-dealers. Price, 5c. Subscription price, \$1.00 per year. Address 63 Bible House, New York.

The microbe of the human race—a dupe. Bound to sell—the gaudily-covered novel.

Geppert Medicines, Cincinnati, cures throat, lung, nerve diseases; Oxygen cure, pneumothorax, physiological massage, medical baths, electricity, homeopathy.

A two is the only thing that has its toes behind.—*Rare Bits.*

FREE! A 3-foot French Glass, Oval Front, Nickel or Cherry Cigar Case. MEXICAN CIGARS ONLY. R. W. TANSILL & CO., Chicago.

ALL for the better—the jack-pot.—*N. Y. Star.*

LADIES who possess the finest complexion are patrons of Glenn's Sulphur Soap. Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, 50c.

Up in arms—the man who makes them. A shing garment—the wire bustle.

Advised with Sore Eyes, see Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it, 25c.

Note for Jacobson's FOR STABLEMEN AND STOCKMEN It is the Greatest Remedy Known FOR HORSES AND CATTLE

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS, THE CHAS. A. NOBLE & CO., BALTO., MD.

The Great Liver and Stomach Remedy.